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Table of Contents

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EDITOR'S PAGE



THE RIGHT SCHOOL SPIRIT

School spirit is one of the fundamental needs of any institution. It is manifested in various manners, all of which lead indirectly to the same goal. Whether a student serves on some important committee or participates in the annual school play, he demonstrates his desire to aid in the maintenance of the school functions. Whether a pupil writes an article for the student publication or upholds the honor of the school on the gridiron, he likewise is contributing to the well-being of the school. Whether an individual is a member of the school band or subscribes to a year book, he is of the same mind.

Each pupil likes to assure himself that he has done his bit to maintain the name of the school. The football player secretly prides himself on his athletic prowess and thinks the school owes him something, just what, he doesn't know; but is he in the least interested in the student publication? The member of the staff of the paper saunters through the corridors with an expression of wisdom and also secretly places himself on a velvety pedestal, but is he deeply concerned about the success of the school theatricals? The senior works endlessly for the benefit of his class and for himself, but is he willing to aid the inexperienced freshman who is in a state of bewilderment? All are of the sad opinion that they are the backbone of the school and are true representatives of school spirit.

No school is greatly benefited by such interpretations of school spirit

with each factor deliberately contending with the other. Instead of harmony, a miniature chaos dominates the small world which is carried on within the walls of the school building. The school is not unlike a country without a sense of unity or coherence. The result is a series of little functions struggling to survive. It is reminiscent of the centuries before civilization when the dog-eat-dog attitude prevailed. The school is retarded in its progress and advancement in attaining the required co-operation essential to the harmony of its well-being. Any hope of school spirit cannot be entertained while conditions are in such a state.

There is only one solution to a predicament of this description. The only way in which the right school spirit will prove a help to a school is by the co-operation of everyone connected with it. The scholar must walk hand in hand with the athlete; the actor with the writer; the student with the teacher; the sophomore with the junior; all must look farther than to his own interests. With this attitude prevailing, a more thorough understanding will be reached and enjoyed by all branches. Let us profit by that expression that has lived through centuries, "United we stand, divided we fall."

John Phelan, Jr., '33

THE OPTIMISTIC ATTITUDE

There is an old oriental saying which states, "No man is happy until he is dead." If we were to adopt this view, which perhaps represents

the apex of pessimism, what should we have to live for? Although optimism is a general idiosyncrasy of most human beings, yet many of us allow ourselves to be robbed of this virtue. I call optimism a virtue because without it the milk of human kindness sours and happiness is never found with pessimism.

One who adopts an optimistic view on life usually succeeds far better than the downcast pessimist. He does not complain of the injustice of fate but makes the best of all situations. A lowly woodsman or peasant cares not for the sordid riches of a sovereign. Although he possesses not the honor and grandeur of court life, he does possess the sky. Thomson writes:

"I care not, Fortune, what you me deny:

You cannot rob me of free nature's grace,

You cannot shut the windows of the sky

Through which Aurora shows her brightening face:

You cannot bar my constant feet to trace

The woods and lawns by living stream at eve."

To a pessimist life is emptiness; to an optimist it is a struggle, a happy struggle. To be the victor of this struggle one must be sedulous, diligent, and above all must adopt an optimistic attitude. Goethe, the immortal German poet, clearly depicts to us the product of pessimism. Faust the pessimist is almost dragged to eternal doom by Mephistopheles, the crafty fiend. Had Faust taken all the bitter strife of life with a smile, no doubt the rocky path of dissolution and despair would not have been his.

It is well now to remember those lines in Longfellow's "Psalm of Life", lines which aid us in facing our difficulties cheerfully.

"Tell me not in mournful numbers
Life is but an empty dream,
For the soul is dead that slumbers
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real, Life is earnest
And the grave is not its goal.
Dust thou art, to dust returnest
Was never spoken of the soul."

Peter Sluskonis, '33



LITERARY



EVERY MAN'S NATURAL DESIRE TO BE SOMEBODY ELSE

He was small; he was poorly dressed; he was cold; he was dirty; but he was free. Free to come and go. He was his own boss, an independent little newsboy, shouting the latest news. Death, War, Marriage, nothing mattered but that the public would buy. He lived in the slums of New York; a shack with no fur-

niture, dirty fish nets for his bed, and an old hag, a fortune teller, composed his home and his family. In the evenings, he sold papers on the West Side of New York, his husky voice combining with the clatter, rush and noise of Broadway. One man particularly always stopped to buy the evening paper, a kind, benevolent, gentleman, rather stooped and old. But what was important was that he was rich, fabulously

rich: his clothes, his bearing, and the mammoth library in New York, rolled up to the curb where the boy stood with his paper. The newsboy's one desire was to grow up to be like this multi-millionaire, have a limousine, live in a beautiful house. He fixed his mind, ambition on this, enlarged his trade, saved his money, studied with what books he found in the mammoth library in New York. all to become wealthy, work in a fifty-story building with command over it all.

The quiet magnificence was soothing; marble floors and low voices, fine rugs in office rooms, composed the building, most famous for journalism. In one room a man sat, leaning on his chin, gazing out of the window, over the buildings, across the Hudson to the East Side. He saw a small boy selling newspapers, a bright youngster, with ambition. He sighed, rather a disappointed one. But he mustn't be recalling memories; he had work. Work, from the early morning till a late hour, sometimes even in the early morning hours! Checking articles, contending with the editors of papers, opinions doubted, arguments, rarely any free week-ends, no clubs in which he found true friends with whom to talk about his ideals; only money, stocks, business. But he had chosen this work. He liked it. He wasn't complaining to anyone. But perhaps, weren't the desires and ambitions of that little boy wrong? Wouldn't a position in a less prepossessing building, a family, children, have been somewhat more joy giving, made him happier? A bell rang, he was snatched from his dreams, and turned, his chin uplifted, shoulders squared. He wasn't going to cry over spilt milk. He loved

journalism and he wasn't sorry for the ambitions of the newsboy.

Martha Curley, '34

IS A LIE EVER JUSTIFIABLE?

Is a lie ever justifiable? As far as I know, a lie has never paid with me. When a lie involves serious matters it will haunt your conscience, because I myself have had the experience. A lie may be justified in joking and fun, but otherwise not. There are people who can tell lies and keep a straight face, but nevertheless it does not pay in the end. Most lies are told to save oneself from discovery, but if the truth was told, one might get off easier than expected. Therefore it is better to tell the truth, and rest your mind, than to tell a lie, and wait the consequences. Philip Evangelos, '34

IS IT EVER RIGHT TO DO WRONG?

There have been many debates on this subject, and I am of the opinion that it is right sometimes to do wrong. This sounds strange, I know, but it is the truth. Take an example. Suppose you are in a lady's home. She decides to take a nap; you decide to read. You are much annoyed by her snoring, but do not like to leave the room. When she awakes the following comment ensues: "I am glad that I do not snore for if I did I probably would have annoyed you. Of course, I didn't snore, did I?"

What could you say? If you told her the truth you would be insulting your hostess; if you evaded the truth, some people might condemn you. You would (if you were at all tactful) say, "Why, no, I was very much interested in my reading and did not notice anything else."

Helen Davis, '34

WEARING NEW SHOES

Having had a birthday, I appeared one Monday with a pair of new shoes. And what shoes! They were nice, narrow ones with pointed toes, which seemed somehow to hide the extraordinary size of my pedal extremities.

It was raining that day and consequently walking in my new shoes was absolutely impossible, so my chauffeur (as usual) offered his services, solving the matter easily. I stepped very carefully into and from the car, so as not to get one tiny scratch on those beautiful shoes and, walking very proudly, I strutted into school. I must admit that the tightness was slightly noticeable, but as I eagerly accepted the compliments of my friends, it was forgotten. For a time only, though, for in walking up the stairs, my feet seemed like miniature tugboats, or perhaps to be more exact, tons of bricks. Were those shoes pinching! But oh no! I must ignore that. They'd be all right. The new feeling would wear off. Besides, the looks made up for everything else.

All went along splendidly until that study room. But then! Why did that teacher give me those words to look up? Why must I have gone that period. Oh dear, what a noise! Squeak! The boards on the floor were bad enough, but new shoes! Oh! Would I ever get another new pair? I guess not! Why don't they stop hurting? And squeak! Oh, for that final bell, a rush home and no more new shoes! Pleasant peace, old slippers, no squeaks, Heaven. Ah!

B. Downing, '34

DID HE HAVE A GUILTY CONSCIENCE?

When I met him, he was pranc-

ing along Fifth Avenue, joyfully humming to himself—you may not believe it, but it's true—, and merrily wagging his tail. He carried a look of utter contentment on his whiskered countenance, and held his head high. I never saw a dog in such a dirty condition. He was covered with black, slimy mud from the top of his nose to the end of his stubby tail, and when he passed me I fancied for a moment that I was in the close—oh! all too close—vicinity of a glue factory or a tannery.

I was rather amused at the little fellow's seemingly out of place wanderings on select Fifth Avenue. He seemed to belong in the East End. It was laughable to watch the procedure. Horrified, plump matrons of society stared at the pup through their lorgnettes as he passed them. Ladylike debutantes stepped to the curbing to avoid him. Boys whistled to him. But the dog trotted along, and took no notice of anyone whom he met; he seemed to have a definite goal.

Suddenly the little fellow did something which first amazed and then amused me. He ran up the steps to a mansion the equal of which is not to be seen on Fifth Avenue. I expected him to be swiftly driven away, but he seemed to know what he was doing. Proceeding up onto the porch, he sat on his haunches before the large front door, and barked excitedly. Almost instantly, as if someone had expected this very thing to happen, the door opened. A lady stood in the doorway, looking at the dog. Throwing up her hands, she exclaimed, "Crumbs! Where have you been? And oh, why did you have to get so dirty? I should think you'd be ashamed to come home!"

Crumbs looked at her, rather

abashed at his welcome. But he was only squelched for a moment. He jumped at her, licking her face with his tongue, and scampering around her in high glee, as if he had never done a wrong thing in his short life.

The door closed on the two, and the last thing I saw was a rather muddled lady trying to quiet a very muddy little dog.

Ellen Riley, '34

EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF A FRESHMAN

1932

Sept. 8. My first day of high school tomorrow. Hot Dog!

Sept. 8. Went to high school today. Gee! It's small. I got cramped before the first period was over. We got a lecture from the principal and got home rooms assigned to us. Was afraid to go in the lunch room.

Sept. 10. Was almost late this morning. Walked up to school with that blonde senior. Boy! I am desired. Had some homework today. Went out for football.

Sept. 11. The football coach told me to go home and grow up. That settles it. The team is going to be tough this year anyhow. Was late for 3rd period. A sophomore played a dirty trick on me. He said room 18 was down in the basement. Boy! Won't I have some fun with the freshmen next year?

Sept. 12. A guy can't move in this school. I was walking down the stairs with Jim when a teacher yelled, "Single file."

Sept. 13. Went up the stairs in double file again today. Bumped into that same teacher and spent a pleasant hour after school. Gee! High School is SWELL.

Sept. 14. A girl who sits across from me in civics said that she hated

redheads. I wonder if she meant me. She's not so swell herself.

Sept. 15. Lost the page in my Latin book with the vocabulary on it, so I didn't know the words. When I told the teacher she said that Adam tried that same excuse on his teacher when he went to school. She said I'd better come back after school and learn my vocabulary. School's like a prison.

Sept. 16. Went to the football game today. The cop came over to me and put me out before it started because I had a fight with a guy who got wise with me. Gee! They even keep an eye on you when you're not at school. A fellow hasn't any privacy nowadays.

Sept. 17. School isn't so bad after all. That nice teacher smiled at me. Maybe she's falling.

Dorothy Wedge, '33

A SURVIVAL OF THE MIDDLE AGES

The boys were just back from their vacation in the mountains. Howard was trying to overtake the news of the past several days, while John was developing the films they had exposed around camp.

"Here's a fellow who had a close call," said Howard. "Walking on top a moving freight train, didn't duck for the South Union Street tunnel, got knocked off, not a scratch. Lucky, eh?"

John's weak affirmative to the query plainly indicated that he was more interested in the negatives he was washing. But Howard was undismayed; he continued: "Ought to be a law requiring more headroom in the tunnels and under viaducts."

"Yes," agreed John, "and there ought to be another law to require more headroom in photographs that you make. Look at these negatives

that I am in. In every single one of them you crowded the finder so that I look like I was driven down into the picture with a sledge. Why didn't you get farther away and include more landscape or else take more sky and less foreground? You know what a rising front is on a camera for don't you? It's a plain cruelty to wedge a fellow into a picture like he'd have to be pried out. Look at this one. I cover the whole picture."

"Does give you undue importance, I'll grant," said Howard, still pretending to read. "How about portraits?"

"A portrait is different. All you want is a picture of a person, but these are all story telling pictures. Look at this one of me with a gun over my shoulder. Part of a gun rather; you cut the muzzle off. You spoiled that picture by not having enough surroundings in it. Where am I? What am I doing? That's what I want to know. This picture could have been made in front of the Methodist Church as far as atmosphere is concerned. And look at my head—"

"I don't have to," Howard grinned. "I know there's something wrong with it."

"It isn't all there," declared John.

"Yeh, that's what I mean," said Howard as he laid aside his paper. Then he added seriously, "Don't see how that happened."

"Looks like I'm hanging from the top of the picture instead of standing on something. If you're bound to crowd a fellow into a picture you ought at least keep your eye on the finder when you press the cable release. Here you've looked up, moved the camera and cut off my head."

"You deserve it; that was the

morning you made the coffee," Howard explained.

"But any feller who uses a camera should know enough not to cut the heads off his subjects."

"Medieval kings used to do it sometimes,"

"Do what?" asked John.

"Cut off their subjects' heads."

Arthur Payne, '35

THIS INFALLIBLE GENERATION

Fred Putman, fresh from Harvard, was a stalwart lad of eighteen, satisfied with the world and, it must be admitted, satisfied with himself. He was one of those gifted individuals who are able to do anything, so it was natural for Fred to visit his uncle in New Hampshire in order to give him some valuable information on farming, or in fact on any subject worthy of attention.

Silas Putnam was a typical backwoods farmer of an easy-come, easy-go disposition, who kept his farm in fair condition and was satisfied with what it yielded. However, when his nephew arrived, filled with academic knowledge, the farm soon showed signs of metamorphosis. The barn and house became resplendent under the careful application of paint brush; the hen house was remodeled; and everything, including old Dobbin, made a radical change in appearance. Silas Putnam, possessed of a simple nature and of a reverent respect for education, or as he expressed it, "book learning", gazed serenely on the proceedings with the air of one who is puzzled but nevertheless confident.

For six days Fred worked—or rather superintended the work—on the farm, but on the eve of the sixth he began to get impatient, and longed for what he called adventure. "Say, Uncle," he cried impetuously, "is

there any game around these parts? I'd like to take some back to Boston."

The aged farmer puffed leisurely on his evil smelling pipe. "Mebbe there is and again mebbe there isn't," he pondered. "But there might be a pheasant down in the swamp beyond the lower pasture. It won't hurt none to try."

The boy brightened. "Just watch me bring back a dozen pheasants tomorrow morning," he boasted. "Guess I'll turn in soon and get some sleep, as I want to be up at day break."

"A dozen pheasants, eh," Silas soliloquized to himself, and was about to say something concerning game law restrictions, when he smiled sagely. "Why, Fred," he said greatly amused, "I'll give you a dollar for each pheasant you shoot, but mind now don't shoot yourself. And—say have you ever gone hunting before?"—the last suspiciously.

His nephew lied grandly. "Of course I have, Uncle. Why there's no better hunter in all New Hampshire than I am. Why only a—"

"All right, Fred," Silas apologized, "I just wanted to make sure. That's all. You better get to bed now and get a bit of sleep. The pheasants are up early, you know."

"Quite right," agreed the boy. "That's excellent advice. Good night, Uncle."

"Good night, Fred." Silas recollected something which had slipped his mind. "Fred!" he called.

"Yes?"

"Watch out for my—"

"Yep, I'll watch out!" interposed the sleepy youth, and soon he was in the land of dreams.

Silas Putnam shook the ashes out of his corn-cob pipe, and placed it in his pocket. "Yep," he mused in

his strange philosophic way, "yep, as I was saying to old Hank Brown last week, this young generation is a heap sight smarter than the old one." He gazed meaningly in the direction of his sleeping nephew. "Only, perhaps they ain't so smart as they think they are." With this amendment he departed for his room.

The following morning Silas was eating breakfast when his nephew, visibly excited, burst into the room carrying a twelve gauge shot-gun, which looked as if it dated back to the Civil War period. "Any luck, Fred?" queried the farmer.

"Luck!" Fred's voice was filled with contempt. "Luck! It isn't luck. It's skill! That's what it is! How many pheasants do you think I shot?"

"Two?—No, well then, three?"

"Of course not!" came the indignant reply. "Believe it or not, Uncle Silas, I shot twelve pheasants."

Silas laughed: a real old-fashioned laugh. "Come on Fred, I don't believe there's a dozen pheasants in all New Hampshire. You'll have to show me."

"All right, I will show you. Follow me." Fred led the way to the barn. As they neared a pile of brilliant plumaged birds, he addressed his uncle. "Remember what you said about giving me a dollar for each pheasant I shot. You owe me twelve dollars, Uncle Silas, and now be a good sport and hand over the money."

Silas gazed sadly at the beautiful birds and when he spoke his voice had a sarcastic tone. "Yep, I do recollect now, as I did say such a thing about giving you a dollar for each pheasant."

Fred became all generosity. "Uncle Silas," said he in a most patronizing voice, "considering your

ignorance of hunting and of pheasants I will cut off fifty percent from your debt to me. Give me six dollars and we'll call it square. You're getting off easy, Uncle Silas. You'll have to admit that."

"Never mind being so generous," said Silas dryly. "How much do you think those birds are worth as they are? What you say goes."

"Those birds," declared his nephew positively, "are worth two dollars apiece if they're worth a cent. Two dollars each is dirt cheap for them."

"Two dollars, huh? Well, considering that you've never hunted before," said Silas laconically, "just give me twelve dollars and we'll call it a bargain. You said yourself that they're worth two dollars and—."

"What do you mean?" cried Fred angrily, "I understood you to say that you'd give me a dollar for every pheasant."

"Pheasant! yes, but not guinea hens."

"What?"

"My boy," Silas spoke chidingly, "those birds which you shot were my pet guinea hens, my show birds too."

"Oh! Uncle Silas, I'm so sorry," pleaded the boy.

Silas paused to replenish his pipe. "Somehow, Fred, when I sum everything up I'm satisfied." Silas softened perceptibly. "Yep, as I was asaying last night, this younger generation ain't noways as smart as when I was young. Mistake a guinea hen for a pheasant! Ha! ha! That's good!" He stopped suddenly and gazed rememberingly at the retreating boy whose pride had suffered considerably. "Hey there, where are you going? I want twelve dol-

lars from you and I want it right now."

Henry Kennedy, '34

"SUCCESS"

"Get that story or you'll be looking at the 'Help wanted' ads. Haven't you any push or drive behind you? Haven't you any ambition to get ahead? Haven't you any courage or any sand in you? Now, Brown, let an old man give you some advice. Brown, I like you, I like your looks. But I don't like your attitude or slovenly ways." The voice took on a more gentle and kindly tone. "For two years I've employed you on the 'Nighthawk' and I suppose you know why you've lasted this long,—merely because you are the son of my best friend:—God bless him! You've loafed on the job long enough. And above all, there is the question of my daughter Mary. I have forbidden her to see you again and that goes for you in a like manner. Now, I'm giving you your last chance to show some ambition and some ability. Get that story!"

Without uttering a word, a handsomely dressed young man of about twenty-four years placed a light gray felt hat on his curly hair at a rather perilous angle, and sauntered out of the office. To look at him, one would get the impression of a carefree, happy-go-lucky young heir, out to enjoy life to the best of his ability. Cal Brown had graduated from a mid-western college three years previous, and people still liked to sit and talk of his athletic prowess. He was an All-American half-back, and his courage, or "guts", to use the expression of Coach Riblette,

was in the headlines of nearly every enterprising newspaper. Once out of college, Cal had shown absolutely no attempt to buckle down and work. His father had secured a position for him from his old friend Mr. McNair, editor of New York's leading newspaper, the "Nighthawk". For the last four months Cal had been keeping company with Mary McNair, whom he had met when she had visited her father's office. Mary's picture was a constant headliner on the Society Page, for she was a popular debutante.

As Cal walked down Fifth Avenue, he felt very much pleased with himself and with the entire world. Three-fourths of Cal's salary went for clothes. He bought exceptionally well made clothes and presented a pleasing appearance. Finally Cal found himself wondering what had got into the boss, but it didn't trouble him in the least.

That night, this not being his evening with Mary, Cal settled down with a deep mystery novel. He was unceremoniously interrupted by the ringing of the telephone. Nonchalantly he strolled to the telephone, but just as quickly he changed into a very excited young man. He picked up his hat and dashed out of the apartment. Once in the street, he heard newsboys shouting their loudest.

"Extra! Extra! Read all about Mary McNair—kidnapped by unknown blackmailers. Extra! Extra! Mary McNair, daughter of James McNair, newspaper figure, and social leader, kidnapped this afternoon."

Cal snatched a paper, and quickly read the few details and clues which were known to the police. From the article Cal learned that she had dis-

appeared while out driving, and on investigation, her car was found wrapped around a tree in a wooded section of Jersey. No trace of the girl was found, and the only clues were the tracks of another car, which apparently had stopped, turned around, then driven off in the direction of New York, and a brilliant red scarf which the McNair's housekeeper identified as one Mary had been wearing. Police were baffled, but expected developments at any moment. Thus ran the news article, and Cal finished with lowering hopes and thoughts of vengeance. He was filled with desire to find her abductors and make them pay the penalty.

That night and even the next day brought no solution of the mystery. Cal and Mr. McNair were both suffering from a similar malady. The police thought the kidnappers had returned to New York, but newspaper men fought over the abduction in headlines and many solutions were offered. None had shed any light on the case. Cal had the use of Mr. McNair's roadster and had kept his vigil ceaselessly in an effort to find the girl, but had no success. He was quite a different young man from that of a few days before. He had a three days' beard and his clothes were wrinkled from his sleeping in them. His blond locks were unkempt and one would not recognize the dapper young dandy of former days.

Cal still found himself incapable of resting or returning home. The third evening after the crime found him still at the wheel of the car. Unconsciously he found himself approaching the spot where Mary's machine had hit the tree. After a thorough search that was perhaps his third or fourth already, he got into the roadster and kept driving

deeper into the wooded section, instead of following the car tracks back to New York. Though he was at the wheel, Cal's thoughts were one thousand miles away. While looking over his shoulder, the machine gave a lurch and before he could prevent the approaching catastrophe, the car went right into the bushes at the roadside. But, to Cal's great surprise the car was little damaged. Upon alighting he discovered on the opposite side of the bushes a country road cleverly hidden by a screen of bushes.

He carefully made his way into the darkened lane and after walking for about fifteen minutes, still seeing no light, he decided that he was on a wild goose chase. Persistency prevented him from stopping. Five minutes later he was rewarded by a dull glow in the distance. Upon drawing nearer he saw a dilapidated cabin, with smoke emerging from the chimney. It was with the greatest caution that he crept to the shack. Lying with his ear against a crack he could hear mumbled voices. Little by little the voices grew plainer until Cal could hear two hoarse voices conversing with a deep cultured voice.

"Have you instructed Biff to do as I have ordered you?" questioned the cultured voice. "We ought to receive at least fifty thousand dollars from old McNair. I looked into the matter and discovered as I had expected and hoped that he was a millionaire many times over. Again, I say, dear fellow, have you given the message to Biff to deliver as I planned? Come, pray, do tell!"

"Sure, boss," an uncouth fellow responded, "we always does as you tells us to. Don't we, Bill? Say boss, how much is me and Bill get-

ting for the job? Dare's a big risk and me and Bill is high-priced gentleman crooks. Ain't we, Bill? This dame is a pest. First it's, 'May I have a glass of water?' Then, 'Won't you please untie these bands?' Say, Boss, you doesn't think Bill and me is going to the pen, do ya?"

"Gentlemen, let your minds rest in peace. Perhaps no one has enlightened you on the subject, but when I plan a party everyone enjoys himself to the best of his ability. It is time for you to be off. Hurry and don't return tomorrow because Bill and I can manage her all right, you know. *Tempus fugit.*"

A scuffling of chairs was heard and then a short, stocky fellow departed from the cabin hurriedly and as quickly as possible in a different direction from that from which Cal had come.

Cal waited five minutes, then approaching he knocked and said in a voice that was a passable imitation of the departed one, "It's me. Hey, Bill, come here, quick, I got your hat. Close the door so's no light can show." Bill emerged, taking pains to shut in the beams of light. A blow landed on his thick skull, propelled by the brawny arm of Cal. He dropped silently. With some rope which he had found in the rear he effectively rendered the obliging Bill *hors de combat*. Then he uttered in a voice which was full of excitement. "Hey, boss, come 'ere quick. Biff won't go no more. He wants some dough to have a few highballs." Cal didn't think the cultured one would likewise appear but a dapper figure appeared at the doorway. Wham! before the gentleman knew what happened jet blackness obliterated him and he sank to

the ground throwing the door open wide and disclosing the bound figure of Mary McNair lying in a corner of the shack.

Mary was quickly released and it was a happy pair that were united. She clearly enlightened him on the kidnapping and after barricading the two abductors in the cabin, Mary and Cal made their way to the roadster and a short time later arrived in New York.

"Well, Brown, I've always said that there was good blood in you, and I never err in human character. I've been thinking it over lately, and I've decided to promote you. You have been ambitious and up-and-coming, and that is what is wanted in the newspaper game. You've been a big help for the 'Nighthawk' and you can rest assured that I appreciate your endeavor to get the best results. What was that Mary told me, this—morning? Oh yes, I know. She wanted me to ask you to come to dinner this evening. Will you come, Brown? That's good. You know, Brown, I'm getting older and older every day and we must keep this paper in the family. I'll prime you for the job and after you've married Mary—oh, but I'm getting ahead of my story. That was a splendid piece of work you did yesterday and your dad ought to be proud of you. We'll see you this evening? Goodbye. Oh, no, take the rest of the day off."

Once again a well dressed young man placed a spotless hat on his curly locks and sauntered out of the offices of the 'Nighthawk' with the hat at a perilous angle. Cal once more thought that the world was giving him a break and if you were close enough you would have heard him utter, "Success sways with the

breath of heaven, and heaven surely smiles on me."

John J. Phelan, Jr., '33

AUTUMN

A little wind will loosen now
The apples that have bent the bough;
A falling leaf along the wall
Will make the cobweb ladder fall.
The smallest wing that moves across
The pasture starts a flight of floss.

Theresa Harrington, '35

THE STARS AND I

The sky was clear
I know not why
"It has to be,"
The stars replied.

I glanced at them
They winked at me
They seemed to say,
"It has to be,"

Next night I walked
The same old way
But all the stars
Were hid away.

I gazed around
But not a sight
Of those great pearls
To give me light.

And still the next
I looked in vain
At last a star
Broke through that rain.

It smiled at me
That star of gold
It paused a while
As it was told.

Among the clouds
It slipped away.
I asked not why
It did not stay.

Next night my friends
Were all with me
I told myself
"They want to be."

Thomas Ceplikas, '35

HORSES

The horses of the sea
Rear a foaming crest,
But the horses of the land
Serve us best.

The horses of the land
Munch corn and clover,
While the foaming sea horses
Toss and turn over.

R. Dawson, '35

WINDY NIGHT

As I lie on my bed in the deep of
the night
I hear the wind howling with all its
great might.

It never is quiet but ever blows on,
Screeching and screaming from twilight 'til dawn.

Bang! goes a door in some part of
the house
And the curtains all tremble like a
frightened wee mouse.
The birch trees are mumbling and
moaning in vain
And their branches are barren and
sodden with rain.

So growling and whistling all
through the night,
It prowls 'round our house 'til the
coming of light.
Then it gathers its rainclouds and
hurries away.
And the sky is all clear by the coming
of day.

Alison Pitkin, '34

DO YOU?

When a person speaks to you,
And you do not hear,
Do you say, "I beg your pardon,"
Or yell, "What" in his ear?

And when you pass in front of one,
Do you say, "Please excuse,"
Or do you just go right along,
And step all over his shoes?

And when a person speaks to you,
When you are in your seat,
Do you remain just where you are,
Or do you get up on your feet?

I think perhaps it's carelessness
That makes us impolite,
So let's all get together,
And try to do what's right.

Frances Whittaker, '34

MINUTE PERFECTION

Pure white crystal water frozen into
snow,
Shaped by hands invisible. How?
I do not know.
Note the perfect angles shaped like
heavenly stars;
Note the cross section braced by
crystal bars.

The law that forms the snow flake
Was here before man came.
Made by some Great Power
With beauty for its aim.
In this small creation order can be
seen;
And thus all creation leads to the
Great Unseen.

Margaret Hunt, '35

I planted a seed
Of what I know not.
It stayed there so long
I was sure it would rot.

Instead it came up
A sprout of green,
I drowned it in water
Till it couldn't be seen.

But the plant kept on growing
Though no flower did appear,
I watered it and waited,
Now don't you think that's queer?

Of course I didn't wonder
Because I knew, you see,
That the flower was an onion
Not a pansy or sweet pea.

Ruth Naiman, '35



STUDENT COUNCIL

By combining the two Assembly Committees, a Student Council has been formed. It is their duty to try to better the school. If problems come up about the school, they are brought to the Student Council for decision. The officers of this organization are: Morris Cohen '33, president, Charles Donlan '33, Peter Sluskonis '33, Jeremiah Mahoney '33, Marjorie Gill '33, John Phelan '33, Leon Diamont '33, Beatrice Goff '33, Lewis Sanderson '34, Ellen Riley '34, Claire Label '34, Thorwald Allen '34, Arthur Paine '35, William Graham '34, Marian Jackson '34, Blanche Barwell '35, Jack Cashman '35, Vincent Miller '35, Arthur Olson '35, Leonard Windle '35, Elsie Tunnicliffe '36, Grace McNally '36, Kenneth Dobson '36, Anthony Kapieka '36, Helen Clarenbach.

Beatrice Goff '33

A RADIO

We all know how we earned a brand new \$150 Philco radio and were grateful to the Curtis Publishing Company for giving us the

chance to get one. Those who were in any way connected with the salesmanship deserve all the thanks we can possibly extend to them, for we remember how they worked like beavers for all of us.

The magazine selling which brought us the radio was carried out in an interesting manner. The school was divided into two sides, the Green and the Red. These sides had their respective captains and lieutenants who acted as leaders. Beatrice Goff was captain of the Reds. Morris Cohen was the captain of the Greens. Fred Bastian was Commodore, taking charge of the proceeds from both sides. The winning team was promised an afternoon dance, the new radio to provide the music.

JOHNSON WELCOMES

NEW TEACHER

Johnson High School welcomes a new member of its faculty, Mr. Mitchell, who succeeds Mr. Hayes as teacher of mathematics and as boys' athletic coach. Mr. Mitchell is a graduate of the University of New Hampshire.

THE FIRST FAILURE ROLL

On Friday, October 28, Mr. Hayes introduced a new roll which went side by side with the honor roll, but was its opposite. This was a failure roll.

He first announced the seniors with thirty-five pupils failing one or more subjects, in all totalling sixty-four failures, with a percent of subject failures equalling seventeen percent.

Next came the juniors with a better average, twenty-six pupils failing at least one subject, with the total of thirty-seven failures with a percent of subject failures of ten percent.

Then came a decided drop when the sophomore record was announced. Forty-four pupils were failing in one or more subjects, with eighty-five failures, and the percent of subject failures is twenty-two percent.

The best record was for the freshmen, who had only sixteen pupils failing, with twenty-two failures. The percent of subject failures was only five percent.

THE FRESHMAN CLEANING UP SQUAD

On Friday afternoon at twenty-five minutes of two, a group of freshmen under the supervision of a senior, went out into the yard and cleaned up all waste papers around the school grounds. Mr. Hayes is having this done so that the school grounds will look tidy and have a good appearance. During the week though, papers get scattered about and the clean-up squad has to get back to work every Friday to clean it up again.

Miss Marion C. McGregor, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fred A. McGregor of West Boxford, has been awarded the Chemistry prize for women, according to the announcement made by President Cousens of Jackson College at the annual awarding of Academic Honors.

Charles E. Cyr received last June the degree of Bachelor of Civil Engineering at Northeastern University.

CLUBS

This year clubs have been started which are to hold their meetings the seventh period on every other Thursday. The aim is to promote interest throughout the school.

Under the direction of Miss Hatch, a Literary Club has been formed. Membership was open to Juniors and Seniors, and eight Seniors enrolled. Beatrice Goff was chosen for secretary. Each meeting is to be directed by a different member of the club. Various branches of literature are to be taken up in the course of the meetings.

A Dramatic Club was also formed with Miss Green and Miss Oetjen as faculty advisers. Jean Barker was elected secretary, the only officer as yet chosen. It is the plan of this club to study dramatics and to present plays. The membership in this club is thirty-four, consisting of Juniors and Seniors.

For pupils interested in the commercial line of study, Miss Neal and Miss Colburn have formed an Office Practice Club. Twenty-one Juniors and Seniors have enrolled in this Club.

Miss Cook has established a Foreign Language Club for those interested in German and French. Here the members will study about the

customs and dress of these countries in addition to the languages. The enrollment of this club is nine.

A Chemistry Club has been organized under the direction of Miss Clara Chapman for those interested in Science and Chemistry. The Club has chosen for their president, Kenneth Brousseau, secretary, Helen Clarenbach, and treasurer, William Graham. The Club is composed of twenty-five Juniors and Seniors.

A unique club has been started for the junior and senior boys, under the auspices of Miss Currier and Miss Scott. Twenty boys enrolled and selected for their president Jeremiah Mahoney and the secretary, Arthur Darveau. The plan of this Chef's Club is to instruct the boys about the fundamentals of cooking.

For the sophomore girls, Miss Blanche McGowan has volunteered to instruct a gymnasium class. Thirty-three girls immediately accepted this kind offer and joined the class. Miss McGowan also has consented to teach gymnastics to the freshman girls every Wednesday. Thirty-six girls joined the class.

ASSEMBLY COMMITTEES

Every other Thursday, the student body is entertained by an assembly program. Two committees, each consisting of four seniors, four juniors, three sophomores, and two freshmen, have been chosen from

the respective classes, to arrange these programs. Each committee is to have charge of one program a month. The faculty advisers of Assembly Committee A are Miss Kelley and Miss Veva Chapman. Leon Diamont '33 was chosen president, Lewis Sanderson '34, vice-president, and Marjorie Gill '33, secretary. For committee B, William Graham '34, president, Peter Sluskonis '33, vice-president, and Helen Clarenbach '34, secretary. The faculty advisers are Mr. Alvah G. Hayes, Principal, and Mr. Walter Mitchell.

TREASURE ISLAND

"For assembly period on Thursday, December 1, *Treasure Island* was presented as a marionette show by Mr. Paul Clemens from Bethel, Maine. Aside from providing us with entertainment and reviving in our minds the story of Stevenson's *Treasure Island*, Johnson earned enough with ticket receipts to buy a marionette stage and three marionettes for school use.

The tallest actor in *Treasure Island* was only fourteen inches high. Marionette faces are made of plastic wood. Their features are too large for the rest of their body because, were they in proportion, they would be too small to be conveniently seen from a distance."



ATHLETICS



The *Johnson Journal* is pleased to welcome to its sport column, Mr. Walter R. Mitchell, Johnson High

School's athletic coach. The whole student body is one hundred percent behind Mr. Mitchell in his efforts.

There follows a brief account of the first seven games under Mr. Mitchell's leadership.

JOHNSON-NEWBURYPORT

Johnson High School met Newburyport in its first game of the season. Although beaten the team gave a most creditable showing. John Phelan and Arthur Darveau were the stars of the game. The score was 33 to 0.

JOHNSON-PEPPERELL

The Johnson High and Pepperell High School game was cancelled through a mixup in contracts.

JOHNSON-METHUEN

On Columbus Day Johnson journeyed to Methuen and held the strong Methuen eleven to a 6 to 6 tie. Arthur Darveau again starred for Johnson High. Injuries on the Johnson squad were numerous.

JOHNSON-BROOKS

Johnson's next game was played against the Brooks School on the Grogan grounds, Johnson winning 26 to 0. Captains Donlan and Barnes starred for Johnson.

JOHNSON-MANNING

Johnson High next travelled to Ipswich, Mass., and met its second defeat, the score being 12 to 0 in favor of Manning. Co-Captain Thomas Barnes suffered a fractured wrist during the game. The field being wet and slippery put the heavy Johnson team at a disadvantage.

JOHNSON-PARKER

Johnson High next entertained the Parker School of Boston on the Grogan grounds and won by a 6 to 0 score. The Parker school in some instances showed a slight superiority over Johnson, but Johnson with wonderful spirit came back fighting and won the game. Philip Hickingbotham was the individual star for Johnson.

JOHNSON-WOODBURY

Johnson then won over its arch rival Woodbury after a hard fight on the Grogan grounds. The score was 6 to 0. Leon Diamont and Fred McRobbie were the co-stars for Johnson.

JOHNSON-CHELMSFORD

Johnson High downed its old rival Chelmsford at Chelmsford by a one-sided score of 33 to 7.

The summary:

Johnson	0	Newburyport	33
Johnson	6	Pepperell (can.)	
Johnson	6	Methuen	6
Johnson	26	Brooks	0
Johnson	0	Manning	12
Johnson	33	Chelmsford	7
Johnson	6	Parker	0
<hr/>			
Johnson	77	Opposition	58
To play: Howe (Billerica) at Johnson.			

Johnson High School also extends its thanks to Austin Wooley and Pasquale Paolino for their work in making Johnson's team a success.

GIRLS' SPORTS

The girls' basketball season is now well under way under the supervision of Miss Colburn and Miss Kelly and under the leadership of Capt. Marjorie Gill. The team is fortunate to have many veterans this year. Among the lettermen are the following: Marjorie Gill, Eleanor Fitzgerald, Rita Carroll, Irene Barron, Gertrude Currier, Jean Barker, Virginia Bixby, Helen Clarenbach, Marguerite Phelan, Blanche Downing, and Martha Curley.

It is hoped that this season will be as successful as the preceding season.

DEAR OLD JOHNSON HIGH

VERSE

We know that Johnson High School
has the best team,
Hip-hip hooray! for Johnson High!
Hooray! for Johnson's team has got
the ball now,
They'll hold it fast; no one can pass;
Watch how old Johnson's score is
rising higher,
They're going to win; they won't
give in,
Let's cheer and cheer again for
Johnson High School!

Hip-hip hooray! hip-hip hurrah!

CHORUS

Johnson! Johnson! What a grand
old team!
Good men! strong men! That's what
Johnson means;
Let's give a great big cheer for
Johnson High!
Hooray! Hooray! Hurrah!
Dear Old Johnson High School,
How we cheer for you today!

To the tune of "A Merry Life"

Noreen Dodgson, '35



ALUMNI NOTES



CLASS OF 1932

Charlotte Auger—At home.
Francoise Auger—Post-graduate at
Johnson
Danny Balavich — Massachusetts
State College
Arthur Bastian — Post-graduate at
Johnson
Leo Boulanger—At home
Alfred Boush—At home
George Brightman—Working on
farm
Ruth Buchan—Post-graduate at
Johnson
George Busby—Worcester Polytech
Phil Busby—Post-graduate at John-
son
Gertrude Callahan—Post-graduate at
Johnson
Fred Clarenback—At home
Anna Collins—Post-graduate at
Johnson
Drury Connor—Boston College
Paul Covell—At home
Ruth Covell—At home
Mary Cunio—Post-graduate at John-
son

Dorcas Curley—University of Ohio
Foster Currier—Radio School
Bernard Fawthrop—At home
Alice Feather—At home
Virginia Foster—Leslie
Myrtha Fredrick—At home
Robert Gagne—Yale College
Avis Harris—Working in Belmont
John Hill—At home
Sadie Kazilunas—MacIntosh Com-
mercial School
Helen Kelly—Boston University
Cyril Knowles—At home
Fannie Kowskys—At home
Joseph Lane—Boston College High
School
Ruth Lee—Training at the Harley
Private Hospital, Dorchester,
Mass.
John McEvoy—Tufts College
Hugh McLung — Post-graduate at
Johnson
Lottie Maselunas—At home
Alan Morse—Essex Agricultural
School, Danvers
Elizabeth Murphy—Training at the
Harley Private Hospital, Dor-
chester, Mass.

Elinor Perley— Post-graduate at
Johnson
Anna Phelan— Post-graduate at
Johnson
Arnold Ratcliffe—University of Ala-
bama
Robert Richardson—At Amherst
Frank Ringalo—At home
Dave Roche—At home
Joan Russell — Post-graduate at
Johnson
Lawrence Small—At home
Richard Spofford—At home

Gertrude Stewart—At home
Charles Trombly—At home
Miriam Williams—Working in Law-
rence
Robert Williams— Post-graduate at
Johnson

The readers of the *Johnson Journal* all join in congratulating Robert Gagne, of the class of 1932, for being awarded the Serling Memorial Tuition Scholarship for 1932-33 at Yale.



UNEMPLOYMENT RELIEF

"Just what good have you done to humanity?" asked the judge before passing sentence on the pickpocket.

"Well," replied the confirmed criminal, "I've kept three or four detectives working regularly."

People used tonic when they were run down; now they usually take an ambulance or a hearse.

Tramp: "Is dis all yer can gimme—a glass of cold water?"

Kind Lady: "Of course not. You can have as many glasses as you want."

Miss Kelly: "Define the middle ages."

Sanderson: "They used to be 30 to 50, now they are 50 to 70."

LIFE'S LITTLE SURPRISES

To be a valedictorian and then get a job working for a fellow who dropped out at the eighth grade.

Grandma: "Would you like to go to the fair and ride on the ferris wheel?"

Modern Child: "Well — I don't mind if it will amuse you."

Elderly Lady (to soldier with head swathed in bandages): "Were you wounded in the head?"

Soldier (fed up on answering questions): "No, mum, in the leg, but the bandage has slipped up."

Teacher: "Young man, how many times have I told you to get to this class on time?"

Flynn: "I don't know, I thought *you* were keeping score."

Coach Mitchell (to McGregor): "Get in there now and run the team: and say, don't forget to watch the bench for signals."

THE YOUTH MOVEMENT

A pedestrian is a man whose son is home from college.

Teacher: "Lawler, what is one-fifth of three-seventeenths?"

Lawler: "I don't know exactly but it isn't enough to worry about."

Lady (to fellow who just had his legs amputated): "How do you find life now, my man?"

Man: "I can't kick."

Tsh! Tsh!

A woman who was living in a hotel at San Francisco hired a Chinese boy. She said, "What is your name?"

"Fu Yu Tsein Mei," said he.

"Your name is too long. I'll call you John.

"What's your name," said he.

"Mrs. Elmer Edward MacDonald".

"Your name too long. I'll call you Charlie."

IN THE OLD DAYS

It took a girl two days to get ready for a party. Now she is ready any time.

There were no crooners, except when mother rocked her restless baby to sleep.

Father sometimes spilled ashes on the parlor rug; now it is mother and daughter.

Women's skirts trailed as much material below their feet as they now have above.

People used to arise and retire on the same day. Now they retire and arise on the same day.

Boys were boys and girls were girls but nowadays, mothers and grandmothers are girls also.

The prominent part of an attractive girl was bustle and frill, but now it's hustle and thrill.

Young people turned in at 9 p. m.; now they tune in and do not turn in until the next morning.

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